A

Conſolatory Poem

To the Right Honourable

John Lord Cutts,

UPON THE

DEATH

OF HIS

Moſt Accompliſh'd LADY.

By N. TATE, Servant to His MAJESTY.

Requies quondàm Speſq; unica Vitæ,
Nunc Dolor, æternuſq; imo ſub Pectore Luctus.
Sanaz. Piſc. Ecl. 1.

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To the Right Honourable

JOHN Lord *CUTTS*, &c.

STretch'd in a loneſome Vale (where Spring decays,
And Nature with Affright her Self ſurveys)
LYSANDER grieving lay----the Earth his Bed!
Againſt a moſſy Stone he lean'd his Head;
His thoughtful Head, that no Repoſe admits:
Cloſe at his Feet a ſighing *Cupid* ſits.
Wreaths, Chaplets, Trophies, (Once the Hero's Care)
With all the glitt'ring Furniture of *War*,
To ruſt and tarniſh on the Ground are left,
Beneath a Leafleſs Oak by Thunder cleft.

A pompous Cloud deſcending from the Hills
Like ſome huge Pageant the broad Valley fills.
But now (with Drums and Trumpets awful Sound
The vaſt Machine unfolding all around)
Behold what glorious Objects are diſclos'd!
Celeſtial Forms to Human View expos'd.
Lo! firſt the GOD of WAR, with dreadful Grace,
As when he thunders on the Plains of *Thrace*:
The blue-ey'd *PALLAS* leans upon his Arm,
And, fiercely Beautiful, makes Terror Charm.
The dusky Groves with ſudden Luſtre ſhine;
Hark! how the Pow'rs of Harmony combine----
'Tis bright *APOLLO*, with the Tuneful NINE.
More Heav'nly Figures ſtill adorn the Plain,
The GRACES Mild and VIRTUES Awful Train.
BRITANNIA too----On whoſe Majeſtick State
PEACE, Wreath'd in Palms, and Lawrell'd CONQUEST wait.
Theſe Noble Viſitants, by *JOVE*'s Command,
Condoling round the Mourning Lover ſtand.

Thus (ſternly) *MARS* the penſive Silence breaks---
(And ſhakes the Ground beneath him while he ſpeaks.)

O Fate! O diſmal Change! who now can trace
One Feature of the Warrior in that Face!
Where's now the ſprightly Air, whoſe radiant Light
Through Clouds of Smoke diſtinguiſh'd Him in Fight?
Or when, in deſp'rate Siege, o'er Bodies pil'd,
He brav'd Deſtruction, and on Danger ſmil'd?

Look up, my Son, ſee how with Skill Divine
Emblazon'd on my Shield, your Actions ſhine!
Your Hazards, Hardſhips, Honourable Wounds,
With wond'rous Art expreſs'd in narrow Bounds.
Death in All Shapes, with ſtill Undaunted Brow,
You There Confront----And ſhall He Triumph Now?
To flitting Winds this killing Sorrow give,
And O! for Glory's ſake, conſent to Live.
Reſume your Courage, your Heroick Flame,
And liſten to the chearful Voice of F A M E.

MINERVA next with ſtately Mien advanc'd,
Her Creſted Plume in waving Luſtre danc'd,
And Lightning from her burniſh'd Helmet glanc'd,
While thus the Goddeſs----

----Why this wild Deſpair?
For ſhort-liv'd Comfort why ſuch endleſs Care?
Nature ſets Limits to the ſwelling Main,
And Sorrow's Tide, at Height, ſhould Ebb again.
You have the Tribute of your Tears beſtow'd,
Whate'er the Husband, Friend, or Lover ow'd.
But now, unjuſtly to your ſelf engroſs
A Grief that ſhou'd be Publick as the Loſs.
For Mortals and Immortals, Earth and Skies,
Are Sufferers All when Sacred *Virtue* Dies!
That Heav'nly Worth ſhou'd have ſo ſhort a Date,
Does juſt Concern in Deities create,
Who therefore mourn your Nymph's untimely Fate.

Large was their Int'reſt in her Precious Life,
But I a Daughter loſt, as You a Wife.
Said I a Daughter? ----Envy knows 'tis True!
Not only That----She was my Darling too!
To Her my beſt Endowments I aſſign'd,
And crown'd her Beauty with as Fair a Mind:
That Youth's Allurements cou'd, in Youth, deſpiſe;
And only Wiſdom's Sacred Treaſure prize:
And reach a Sphere of Knowledge, too ſublime
For Vanity's Fantaſtick Wings to climb.
Her ſparkling Wit, that like her Eyes cou'd ſhine,
Like them did modeſtly its Beams confine.
The Bounds of Decency ſhe ne'er tranſgreſs'd;
Yet no Reluctance, no Conſtraint expreſs'd.
To Caution's Self ſhe gave a pleaſing Air;
Reſerv'd, without the ſullen Look of Care.
Her temper'd Mirth was like a Morning Ray,
All Mildly Bright, and Innocently Gay.
Then what her Serious, what her Sacred Hours?
The Joy and Wonder of Celeſtial Pow'rs.
We charge Thee, Fame, to her Deſerts be juſt,
And piouſly perform the mighty Truſt:
Let Future Ages read what This admir'd,
But never know how *Early* She expir'd!
For ſuch Perfections in the Bloom of *Youth*,
Will ſtagger Faith, and caſt a Veil on Truth.

Thus *PALLAS*--- -next, in Accents ſweetly faint,
The God of Verſe addreſs'd his kind Complaint.

When

When *Mars* and War's lov'd Goddeſs ſue in vain,
What can *Apollo*, and his ſlighted Train?
Yet, Warrior, call to mind you once were ours:
By me conducted to Inſpiring Bow'rs;
The Seats of Fancy, and harmonious Pow'rs.
To You our *Helicon* was all expos'd;
The Fields of Wit, without Reſerve, diſclos'd.
But (more enamour'd on advent'rous Fame)
For Martial Wreaths you did my Bays diſclaim!
Yet (fond her paſt Endearments to renew)
The *Daphne*, who from my Embraces flew,
To diſtant Camps and Sieges follow'd You.
Ah too unkind-----yet ſtill the Muſes Care;
Who hither from their bliſsful Seats repair,
Your Griefs to comfort, or at leaſt to ſhare.

To ſhare his Griefs indeed, *URANIA* cries,
(Nor Deſtiny that wretched Help denies)
For what can Numbers or melodious Breath,
When Harmony it ſelf's untun'd by Death!
When the ſweet Charmer of the Plains is made
The Grave's mute Pris'ner, and a ſilent Shade!
Tyrannick Fates, inglorioufly you boaſt
A Conqueſt, where you have the Triumph loſt;
Your Pride muſt own that with Unvanquiſh'd Mind
Life's deareſt Hopes and Bleſſings ſhe reſign'd.
Her only Care-----No more! -----The Laſt Farewell
Of Dying LOVE no gentle Muſe may tell!

Tem-

Tempeſtuous Winds that Doleful Tale ſhou'd bear
Far hence, where only Salvages may hear,
Far diſtant from her grieving LOVER's Ear:
Let Muſick yet her *Obſequies* deplore;
Perform that Task, and then be heard no more.

Pleas'd with the Hint, *APOLLO* ſtrikes his Lyre;
While *Thus*, in Conſort, ſung the Tuneful Quire,
As Fancy, Grief, and *Phœbus* did Inſpire.

Ye Nymphs *that in the Groves reſide,*
Or reap the Meadows early Pride,
To deck LAURINDA's *Marble, bring*
The Virgin-Beauties of the Spring.

Nereids *offer There your Shells,*
Diſmantle all your Gawdy Cells,
A Tribute to LAURINDA's *Shrine;*
Your Gems alas too dimly ſhine!
The Shrine is brighter far than They;
Therefore, Nereids, *ſteal away*
The Glances of Aurora's *Beams,*
Reflected on the Silver Streams.

Holy Vows and chaſte Deſires
Feed the Lamp with Lambent *Fires;*
Flames that Shine and never Burn,
Shou'd only Crown LAURINDA's Urn.

Tuneful

Tuneful Sighs, harmonious Groans,
Halcyon-Songs, and Turtle-Moans,
(Soft as Ev'ning Zephyrs call,
Soft as ſhedding Roſes fall)
Only from the Bow'r be heard
Where LAURINDA *lies Interr'd.*

Lo where Hymen's *Self appears!*
His Nuptial Taper quench'd in Tears,
His wither'd Wreath beſide him flung:
See Cupid *too (his Bow unſtrung)*
Engraving with a broken Dart
(In Characters of wondrous Art)
The FAIR, the WISE, the VIRTUOUS, and the YOUNG.

While thus Enſhrin'd her Aſhes lye,
Her deathleſs Spirit mounts the Sky;
And is in ſolemn State, preſented There
With Ariadne's *Crown and* Caſſiopeia's *Chair.*

Too low, your Heav'n's too low, *BRITANNIA* cries,
My Saint is tow'r'd where never Muſe cou'd riſe;
And bleſt with Raptures, more Divine and True
Than your *Apollo* ever gave or knew.

Ye Realms of Bliſs (enrich'd at *Britain*'s Coſt)
While Gainers There, think what on Earth you loſt!
Since Death's rude Hand demoliſh'd that fair Shrine,
See how the VIRTUES and the GRACES pine.

O Heav'n-born *Piety!* what tender Breaſt
(Like Her's) will make thee now its early Gueſt;
That Manſion fall'n, ah! whither wilt thou ſtray?
Devotion, who ſhall teach thee now to *Pray*?
To whom ſhall Meekneſs for Protection fly?
To whom ſhall ſhiv'ring Charity apply?
To whom ſhall now her Infant Orphans cry?
See how around her Tomb they take their Stands,
And wail, and ſob, and wring their little Hands!
Yet Fate this Proſpect ſtill of Comfort gives,
Their Patroneſs's bright E X A M P L E lives.

This Thought, *LYSANDER*, ſhou'd your Griefs ſubdue,
And make your blaſted Hopes to bloom anew.
Celeſtial Pow'rs, when your accompliſh'd Fair
They form'd and finiſh'd with ſo nice a Care,
To Earth ſo rich a Treaſure never gave
For Fates to hoard it in a thankleſs Grave.
Believe not then your Beauteous Saint expir'd,
But only to her Native Heav'n retir'd.
Miſtake not Courteſy for Diſregard;
If Life's a Toil, and Death is Life's Reward,
Sure, Nature's Tenderneſs is moſt expreſs'd
To Thoſe whom Sooneſt ſhe admits to Reſt.

I know the Genius of exceſſive Grief
Is to indulge Deſpair, and ſhun Relief;
But Heroes from ſuch Frailty ſhou'd be free;
Have Pity on your Self; -----at leaſt, on Me.

Behold

Behold how TRIUMPH drops his flagging Wings;
Nor PEACE can taſte the Bleſſings that ſhe brings.
You waſte *My* Hours in Sorrow, while on You
My Senate calls-----My Royal Guardian too!
In *WILLIAM*'s Name our Viſit is addreſt,
His Summons hear, and charm your Griefs to Reſt.

So Pow'rful, ſo Inſpiring was the Sound
Of *WILLIAM*'s Name, it ſhook the Hills around,
And rais'd the Mourning Hero from the Ground.
Who now the Bright Aſſembly did ſurvey
With ſuch ſubmiſſive Looks as ſeem'd to ſay-----
In Duty He his lov'd Deſpair wou'd quit,
And to the Toils of *Joyleſs* Life ſubmit.

FINIS.

Advertiſement.

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